Braintree, Oct. 10, 1862.

Dear Wife:

Yesterday noon, I wrote upon my knee a hasty note at the White River junction depot, which was mailed at that place for you. After waiting there two hours and a half for the arrival of the Boston morning train for the North, at half past 2, P.M., I took the cars for Randolph — 25 miles distant, one hour's ordinary ride; but our train proved "a slow coach," and we were almost three hours in accomplishing that short journey. We were detained a full hour on the way, in consequence of some breakage or disarrangement of the piston rod, &c.

I wrote to my friend, James Hutchinson, on Monday last, that I should be at the depot in that train, and, consequently, expected to see him on my arrival, to take me to his home. But he was not there. As he lived three miles off, I had to hire a conveyance to Braintree, where I arrived at tea-time, taking Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson entirely by surprise; as, it appears, they had not received my letter, in consequence of its having been directed to Braintree, instead of West Randolph, which is their post-office address — a piece of information James gave me in his letter sent to Peacham, which I happened to overlook. However, "all's well that ends well" — and as I was not looked for, the surprise was all the better.

James and his wife are a highly intelligent and admirably matched couple, extensively read, and unusually well cultured for the country. Their home receives all the anti-slavery lecturers that come in this region, and on them devolves the labor of making arrangements for the meetings, &c. It was here that Miss Holley and Miss Putnam took special delight in visiting, as a matter of recreation. Henry C. Wright has also spent considerable time here. The house stands in a retired spot, somewhat elevated, and yet is not solitary. Rev. Dr. Murdock, of Boston, and his family, (wife and four children,) boarded here during the summer.

It has looked somewhat threatening as to rain, and a few drops fell early in the morning. I have just returned from a ride with Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson over the hills making a circuitous route to Randolph, and obtaining some of the finest views I have yet had in Vermont. To-morrow, should the weather prove favorable, we are to ascend a neighboring mountain, from which the prospect is said to be unusually grand and charming. But there is no need of going any where in particular, in Vermont, to see the sublime and beautiful: they are continually meeting your eye, which ever way you turn. [Speaking of climbing, I am happy to say that my sprained foot and ankle are now quite well.]

The anti-slavery meetings advertised to be held by Mr. Foss in this village, on Sunday next, (which Oliver and I intended to address,) have been given up, we not being expected, and Mr. Foss having been summoned home by the sudden death of his son at Manchester, who, I believe, has ~~recently~~ returned from the army an invalid. It is possible that we may speak on Sunday, either at Randolph or Braintree, as the Hutchinsons are very desirous we should; though I hardly feel in the mood to do so. We shall decide the matter this afternoon, on the arrival of Oliver from the East.

I see that Gen. McClellan has acquiesced, passively, in the enforcement of the President's Emancipation Proclamation, and enjoins obedience upon the army; but he takes care to express no approval of it, and evidently means to do as little about it as possible, and yet preserve the semblance of loyalty. Fremont seems to be effectually laid upon the shelf. The friends of freedom should be clamorous for his restoration to his post.

Tell Wendell I wish he would put into the Refuge of Oppression, in the Liberator of the 24th, some of the worst sayings of E. C. Bailey, Gen. James S. Whitney, and others, together with some of the resolutions adopted, at the Democratic Convention held at Worcester on the 8th inst. The proceedings may be found in the Boston Journal of the 9th — though it is possible the Post of that date may have a more full account.

I shall hope to get a line from you before I leave here. If not, then at Burlington.

I send the children a father's benediction. Yours, lovingly, W. L. G.